

HONOLULU, HAWAII, TERRITORY, SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1909.

OCEAN RACE BETWEEN THE ALAMEDA AND MONGOLIA

Detailed Story by an Advertiser Representative
of the Two Thousand Mile Contest Be-
tween Two Fine Steamers July 7-13.

By W. L. Castle.

(Special Correspondent, Advertiser.)

"Tis the sunrise of life gives me
mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows
before."

Three cheers for the good old Alameda! Three cheers for Captain Dowdell and his valiant crew! And one must not forget the hundred and one passengers!

Never in the history of the Pacific has there ever been a race run such as we have just finished with the Pacific Mail liner "Mongolia," Captain Morton. For six days straight both the Alameda and Mongolia have been in sight of one another, first one-ahead, then both neck and neck for nearly two days, then the other ahead; with all kinds of weather varying from smooth seas to a northerly gale; and the good old Alameda has made good and proved herself as good today for speed as she was when she was built just twenty seven years ago. Captain Dowdell has been running on the Pacific for twenty-one years and Chief Officer Dawson for twenty three years between San Francisco and Honolulu; and neither of them have ever had the experience they have just gone through, nor do they expect to have a

the "Alameda" again in the great 2100 mile race by the same "five hours." The following gives in detail the exact position of both ships at noon of each day which taken in connection with the accompanying map will give every one a good idea of the wonderful race.

First Day—Wednesday, July 7th—Off Makapuu Point—Lat. 21° 16' N., Lon. 157° 36' W.; 19 miles, Rough sea, "Mongolia" five miles astern.

Second Day—Thursday, July 8th—Lat. 24° 40' N., Lon. 152° 16' W.; 327 miles, Strong north east trades, Rough sea, "Mongolia" four points on starboard bow about fifteen miles off.

Third Day—Friday, July 9th—Lat. 27° 32' N., Lon. 148° 10' W.; 326 miles, Strong north east trades, Rough sea, "Mongolia" dead ahead seven miles off.

Fourth Day—Saturday, July 10th—Lat. 30° 26' N., Lon. 142° 26' W.; 349 miles, Fine weather, "Mongolia" four points on starboard bow about eighteen miles off.

Fifth Day—Sunday, July 11th—Lat. 33° 12' N., Lon. 136° 8' W.; 363 miles, Fine weather, "Mongolia" abeam starboard side three miles off.

Sixth Day—Monday, July 12th—Lat. 35° 34' N., Lon. 129° 34' W.; 355 miles, Moderate gale, "Mongolia" one point abeam fifteen miles off; 6 p. m. "Mongolia" three points abeam ten miles off; 11 p. m. Fresh gale and heavy seas, "Mongolia" sighted for last time.

Seventh Day—Tuesday, July 13th—Lat. 37° 39' N., Lon. 123° 7' W.; 335 miles, Smooth sea, no land or ship in

when he talked with the S. S. Mariposa 2200 miles away. On the last trip he was in communication with the U. S. A. T. Sheridan 1300 miles; and talked with Cape Blanco, Oregon, 2200 miles indistinctly. On this trip he talked with Kahuku Station, Honolulu, Monday morning giving the position of the two ships. Had the pleasure of spending a couple of hours with Phelps early Monday morning, during which time he attempted to explain the mysteries of aerial telegraphy; but it seemed to be a pretty deep subject and two months would more likely suffice before one could comprehend the subject. It was very weird clapping the receiver over the ears and hearing the U. S. A. T. Sheridan, talking with Cape Blanco, Oregon, and saying that she (Sheridan) would arrive in San Francisco, Wednesday night or Thursday morning.

Hymns All Together
Master of Ceremonies..... W. L. Castle
The following is a complete list of officers and passengers on this memorable trip:

Officers S. S. Alameda.

Commander.....Thos. Dowdell
Chief Engineer.....J. H. Dawson
Purser.....Thos. C. Smith
Surgeon.....G. W. Clark
Chief Steward.....J. Carleton
Wireless Operator.....S. A. Phelps
Stewardess.....Mrs. Coombs

Passenger List.

Miss I. P. Annette, E. K. Arnold, Mrs. C. W. Ashford, Miss Ashford, A. E. Bailey, Rev. F. Bartleman, Mrs. M. L. Bettis, Miss O. J. Bettis, Mrs. J. Bicknell and child, O. T. Boardman, L. A. Boggs, C. Bon, Mrs. Bon and 2

Perkins, Miss L. Pratt, T. Pratt, E. W. Quinn, C. C. Rhodes, Mrs. L. A. Roe, Dr. J. L. Ross, Miss S. F. Ross, Miss M. A. Sampson, Mrs. D. Smith, C. W. Smith, Jr., Mrs. L. M. Smith and 2 children, Miss J. Tanner, Mrs. A. E. Temple and 5 children, Mr. and Mrs. A. Thurlow and child, Miss F. Towse, Miss E. E. Walkup, Miss M. Warne, Bro. Willebord, W. L. Castle.

TEMPLES OF ICE IN THE ARCTICS.

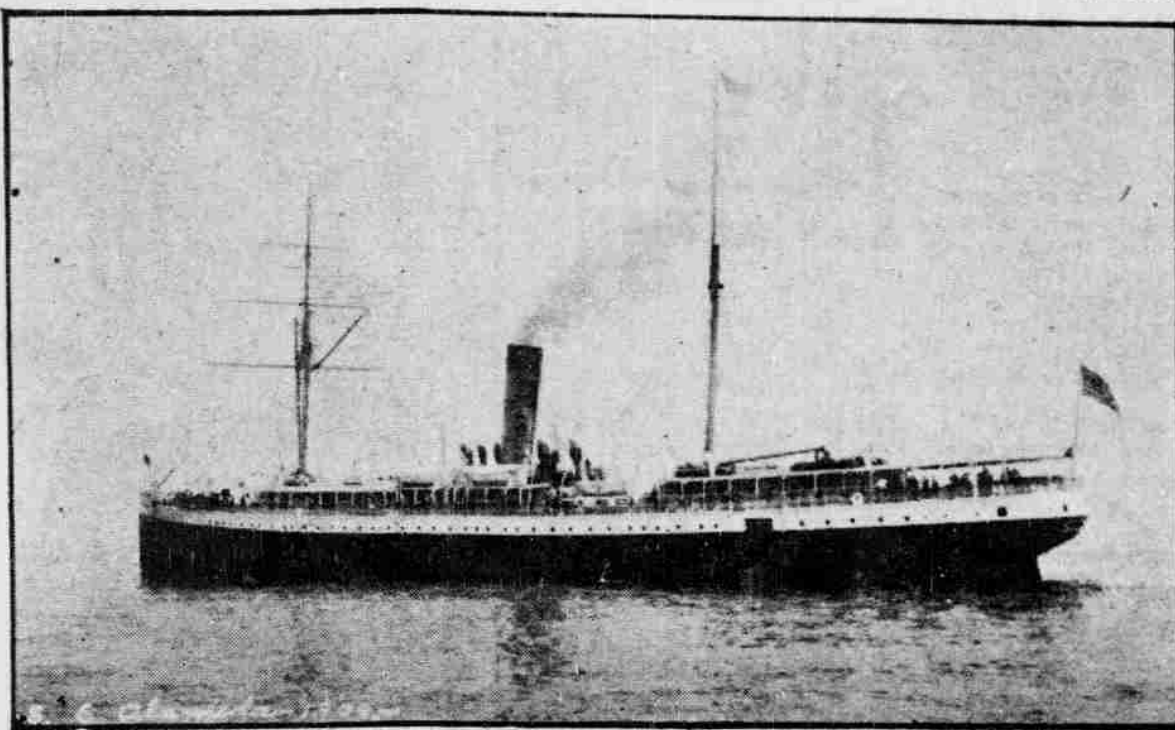
Amid the bleak, icy deserts of Greenland the survivors of the recent ill-fated Erichsen expedition discovered a sight of majesty that sojourned them for months of darkness, tedium and suffering. They found a crystal palace of superhuman architecture vaster than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice. Created by nature in a forbidding wilderness, it frightened the eyes of the explorers and awed them with unimaginable magnificence. The dreams of poets and the fancies of epic bards were surpassed by this vision of colossal loveliness, which the painter, Achton Friis, a member of the expedition, endeavored to carry away for the benefit of the dwellers in civilization, says the New York Tribune.

More than a mile in length, the lofty nave of this artistic temple of ice was pierced at intervals with windows through which the glancing sun-rays sparkled on columns and cubes and immense clusters of stalactites like pendant jewels. An iridescent glow, as if from opals and diamonds, suffused the lighter spaces and shaded into the bluish twilight which reigned in solemn transepts. The painter despaired of comprehending even the elusive colors that emanated from every surface and were infinitely toned by combination and reflection.

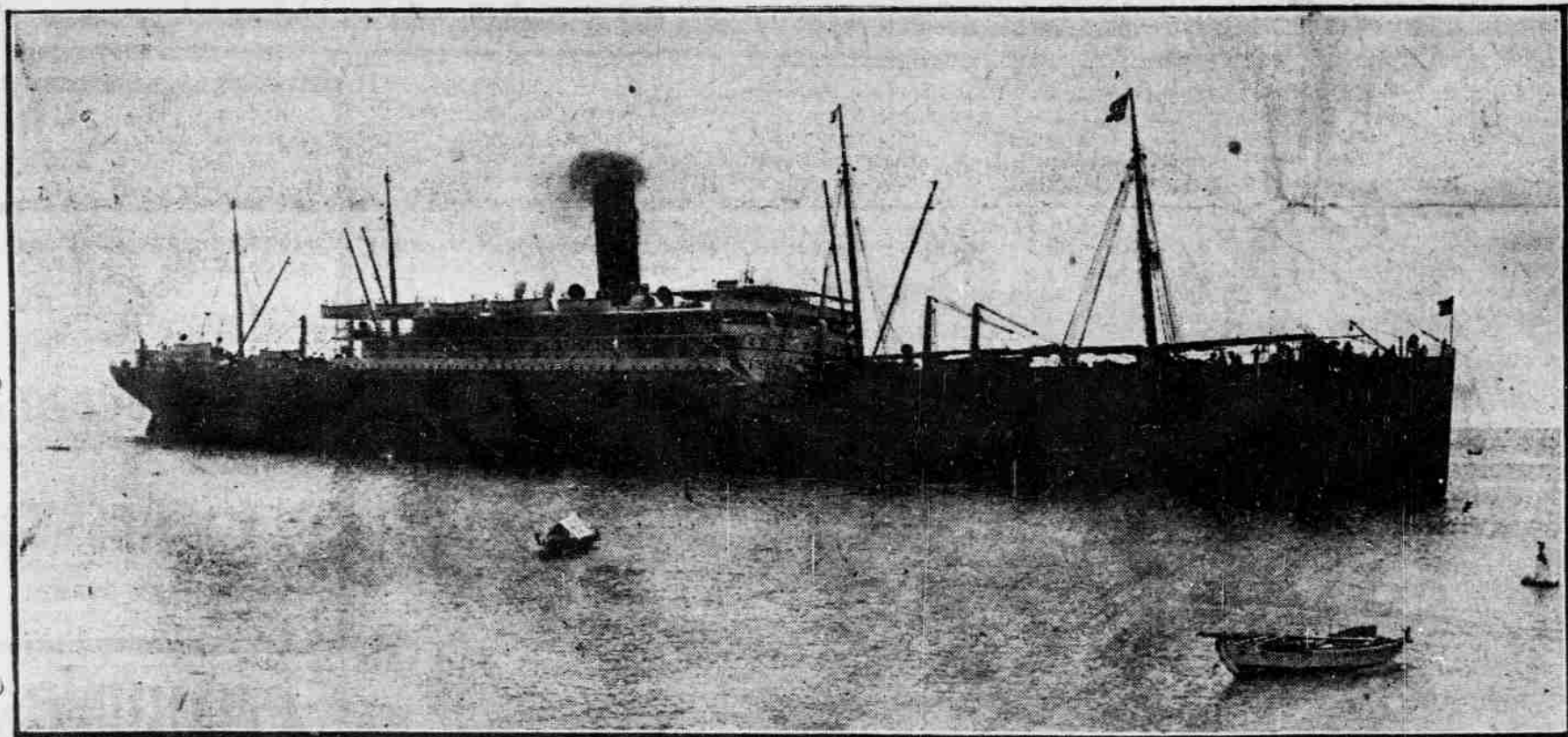
Through the center of the ice palace flowed a stream of water, whose occasional ripple and splashing fall broke the majestic silence. The human voice reverberated weirdly against the massive walls and the arched roof. A tone of mystery or of giant power was repeated by invisible spirits of the North. There were echoes like chimes of bells, matching the fairy decorations of the nave. A huge dissonance caused by the cracking of a distant floor rumbled through the cavern as if it were the beginning of a prelude on an organ appropriate for an Arctic temple. What strains of might and of brooding softness would be required in such music.

In habited latitudes the architecture of frozen water is regarded as a pleasing fantasy, something which last a few short months and disappears. Far North it is possible that ice palaces and temples should endure without change longer than human structures of stone. The carvasses of prehistoric monsters have remained inviolate in Arctic tombs for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilization.

Bacon—A woman who wants to vote is called a Suffragette, is she not? Egbert—Well, yes, that's what she's called if there are ladies present.—Yonkers Statesman.



ALAMEDA—THE WINNING OCEAN RACER.



THE MONGOLIA.

similar experience for many years to come.

It was a magnificent sight standing upon the deck of the Alameda during the day time and watching the Mongolia speeding along at a fifteen knot rate with the smoke pouring out of her funnels every minute of the time. Also during the moonlight evenings it was a fine sight to watch the big liner steaming along all illuminated. How many engagements were made and how many were broken by the younger couples was not made public before we reached San Francisco. Through the kindness of Dr. Currie we passed quarantine inspection at sea.

Captain Dowdell followed the Great Circle Route while with the exception of one day Captain Morton steered a course of about fifteen miles to the southward. Possibly in five years more Captain Morton may try to beat

sight, 2:15 p. m. "Alameda" dropped anchor at quarantine, 3:30 p. m. "Alameda" docked, 3:35 p. m. Mongolia dropped anchor at quarantine.

It will be noticed that during the time we had the rough sea (choppy) that that was the time when the Mongolia gained on the Alameda and passed her. During the fine weather the Alameda pulled up on the "Mongolia" and got a good lead which she kept all through the last two days during the quite severe northerly gale. For fairness both ships may be called fifteen "knots;" and it was in the short choppy sea that the Mongolia on account of her length and heavy tonnage ploughed through and got ahead of the Alameda. In the long rolling sea the Alameda made good and rode the waves like a bird. Some idea of the seas we had the last two days may be gotten from the fact that on every fourth or fifth wave the propeller of our ship came completely out of the water; and even with that against us we made a good fourteen knots.

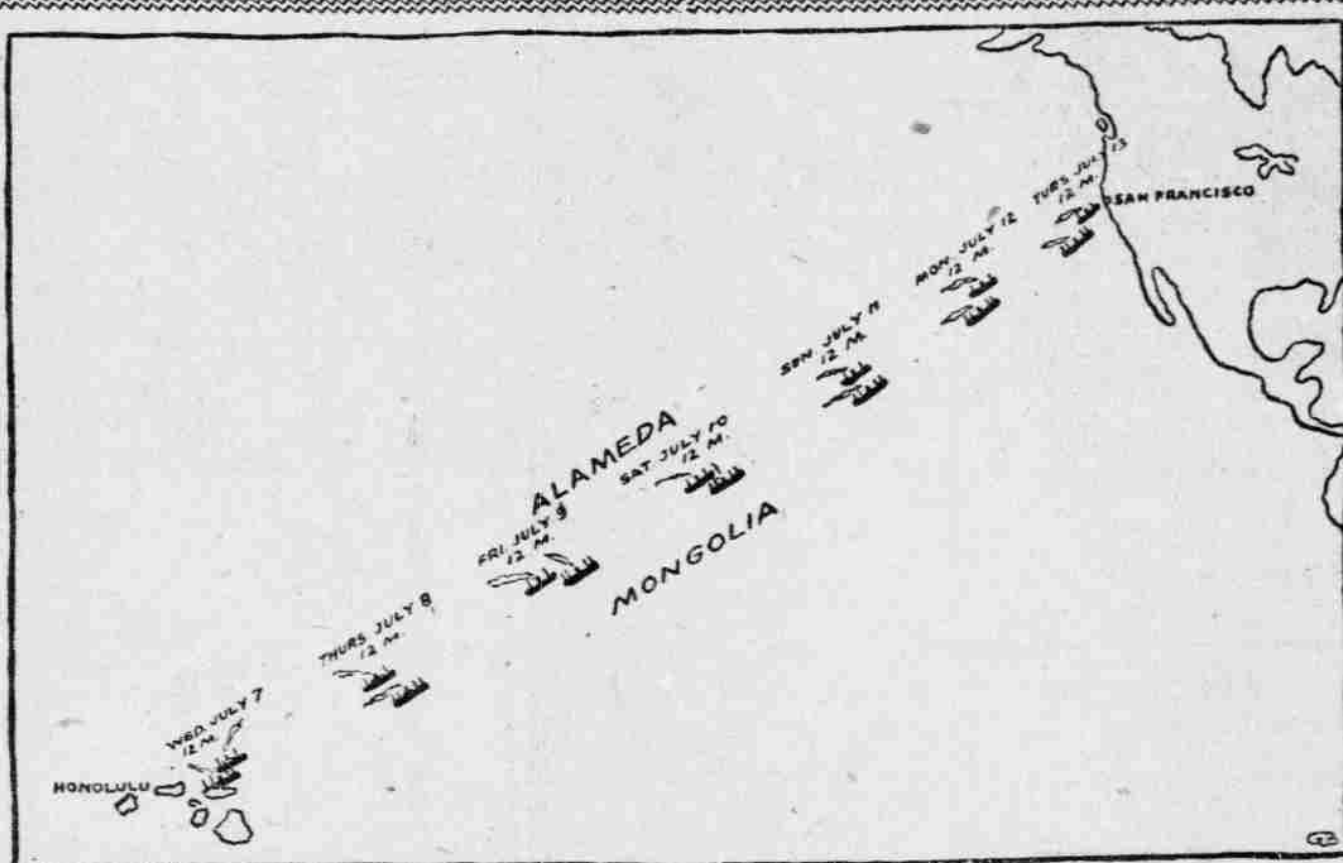
In closing let me say a good word for the "Ferry Boat Alameda" and the good times one may have when he chooses to travel upon her. Although the Alameda is not as long as some of her sister Pacific liners; on her one will find a most genial commander, a splendid set of officers who know their business; and service and cuisine of the best. On Monday evening we had a splendid bon-con dinner equal to any served in the Islands, which is an original custom originated by Captain Dowdell wherein he shows all of his passengers a farewell courtesy before leaving his ship.

The Alameda is equipped with wireless and the daily news of the world is issued in a thirty-six page pamphlet entitled "The Acrogram." One may at any time at a comparatively small cost send a ten word message to any part of the world; and also just as easily receive one. It was too bad that the Mongolia was not equipped with wireless, for then we could have exchanged compliments on the way up. "Wireless" Phelps, the operator on the Alameda, is a splendid looking fellow, most accommodating and one who understands his business well. It was only on the trip before the last that he broke the world's record for wireless communication between ships

On Sunday Evening a concert was held in the Social Hall after which we all joined in singing old familiar hymns during the balance of the evening. It was to those hymns that the "old salts" aboard attributed the heavy northerly gales which we passed through during the last two days. In other words the singing of hymns is liable at any time to blow up a gale, which happened to be in this case very fortunate for our ship and equally unfortunate for the Mongolia. The following is a copy of the program:

Piano Solo.....Miss Horner
Duet.....Misses Crockett and Smith
Small Talk.....Mr. Bon
Piano Solo.....Miss Pratt
Recitation.....Miss Towse
Solo.....Miss Dyke
Recitation.....Mr. Arnold
Solo.....Mrs. Crockett
Recitation.....Master Crockett
Piano Solo.....Miss Horner

children, Mrs. H. H. Brodie, Mrs. I. M. Brown, W. R. Byers, Bro. Charles, Mrs. M. H. Churchill, Miss C. Claypool, Miss L. Claypool, Mrs. Clough, Miss B. Mikkelsen, Mrs. Crockett and 3 children, Miss L. Crook, Miss N. Crook, W. C. Crook, Dr. Currie, Miss E. Hastie, Miss L. Dayton, Mrs. D. Dowsett, Miss P. B. Dunlop, Miss P. M. Dyke, E. M. Eland and son, Bro. Eugene, Bro. Francis, Mrs. Gribble, Miss J. Hastie, Mrs. F. K. Headlee, Mrs. W. Heilbron, Miss A. Hooley, Miss K. E. Horner, Mrs. I. Kelly, T. Kinslea, Carl F. Kinslea, Carl F. Lehnars, Mrs. C. G. Lehnars, Mrs. C. G. Long, H. F. Lucas, Miss C. Macomber, Mrs. E. E. Miller and infant, Miss E. Monsarratt, H. C. Morgan, W. Morgan, Misses McAllister (2), Mrs. C. J. McCarthy, Miss E. McCarthy, W. H. McClellan, Miss L. M. Nicholson, T. O'Connor, Mrs. O'Connor and 3 children, Mrs. A. M. Parry, Miss L. E.



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CAPTAIN DOWDELL OF THE ALAMEDA.



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